Northern Review

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FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1951 VOL. 4, NO. 3

NORTHERN REVIEW is published every two months by the FIRST STATEMENT PRESS at 2475 Van Horne, Apt. 5, Montreal, Que. *Managing Editor:* John Sutherland; *Editorial Board:* Audrey Aikman and R. G. Simpson, *Representatives*: B. De Boer, Selected Outlets, Box 761, Hoboken, N.J., U.S.A., Weymouth Robinson, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto Ontario.

Manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. Subscriptions $3.00 per year. Advertising rates available upon inquiry.

The Conversion of Willie Heaps

Hugh Garner

I could see Willie coming along the road from his place, walking fast like he always did. His long legs were jerking back and forth above his broken shoes and his tangled hair hung in a bang just above his wide-staring eyes where it had been cut by his mother, Mrs. Heaps. His mouth was hanging loose like it usually was, and even from a distance you could see his long brown teeth that were always wet like a panting dog's.

Although he was thirty years old he didn't seem much older than me. My father said that it was silly for a full-grown man to play with a twelve-year old boy, even if Willie *was* a little simple, but he was the only real friend I had, and we had lots of good times together. In the winter I went with him on trips to town, and during the summer we would go fishing down to Allison's dam, or woodchuck hunting in the fields around our place.

He was an expert at gelding colts, and once or twice a month during the summer he would take me with him to other farms around the district. I used to watch him with my tongue between my teeth as he operated on the young horses, his hands as gentle as a mother's, hating to cause any more pain than was necessary.

The first time I saw him working on a colt it made me sick and I vomited in a corner of the yard. Willie told me I couldn't go with him again if I acted like that, so I was careful from then on and it never bothered me again.

When Willie got up to our place he stood in the road and shouted to me to come with him.

"Where to?"

"Down to Angus Gordon's place."

"I'll have to ask my mother," I said.

"Hurry up then. I want to get going before it's dark," he shouted impatiently.

My mother heard our voices and came to the screen door, wiping a plate with a dish towel.

"Can I go with Willie?" I asked.

"Oh — I guess so," she answered, not wanting me to go, but not wanting to stop me either. She shouted, "Hello, Willie!" as she spied my friend standing in the road.

He didn't answer. It seemed that he could never get used to talking to grown-ups.

"Don't you be late home, young man," my mother warned me as we set off up the road.

I waved to her and hurried along, trying to match my stride with Willie's.

He was excited about something, and he kept turning his head in my direction, trying to make up his mind to tell me what it was. Sometimes he acted like that, worrying about a secret thing until he almost burst with the burden of it.

"We've got a new preacher at the Pentacostal," he said finally, grinning with relief now that it was out.

We climbed the torn wire fence that separated our land from the old disused railway spur.

"The preacher's name is Reverend Blounsbury," he said as we slid down the grassy bank to the tracks.

"What happened to the other one?" I asked.

"Who, Mr. Oldsworth? He's gone to the city. Reverend Blounsbury is a better preacher anyways."

"Is he a real minister, with minister's clothes?"

"He don't need 'em," answered Willie.

"Why don't he? My minister wears them."

"He's God's servant. He don't need 'em."

On Sundays Willie went with his mother and father to the Lost Souls Pentacostal Mission in Brantford. They never missed a service there, and Willie had told me several times about people being saved by the blood of Jesus Christ, which would cleanse you of all impurities and make you ready to meet your Maker on the judgement day.

Willie was thinking hard about something, and now and then he'd swallow and his neck would twitch with excitement. After a long silence he said, "I got saved last Sunday."

"How do you get saved?"

"You go and kneel down at the front of the Mission," he answered.

"Is that all?"

"Everybody sings, and sometimes the women cry."

I cut off the tops of some wild mustard with a long willow whip I'd picked up. "How many times you been saved, Willie?" I asked.

"Oncet. Oncet is all you can be saved," he said, looking at me as if I should have known.

"Was you scared much?"

"Nope. Ain't nothing to be scared for."

"Do you believe in that, Willie?"

"Sure I believe in it — hell!" he answered, with mild disgust at my ignorance.

"That makes you sure you're going to heaven, don't it?" I asked.

"Yep," he answered. He walked very fast and I had a hard time keeping up with him on the old cinder roadbed.

"Does the new minister save anybody at all?"

"Yep. He's a better preacher than the other one."

"Is that all they do at the Pentacostal, Willie?" I asked. We went to the Presbyterian Church in Simcoe, and I had always wondered why his church was so different from ours.

"No, they sing and the minister says a sermon. On Sunday he talked about sinning. He says it's a sin to go out with a woman 'cause Jesus didn't do it, and it's sinful when men do it."

I couldn't imagine our minister talking about that stuff in church. I thought about this as we hurried along the track, the cinder dust billowing up from our feet and the old musty-paper smell of the burdocks filling the narrow right-of-way.

"I wish we didn't have to go down to Angus' place," I said. "Some of the fellows are down catching bullfrogs at the dam. Perry got one last night as big as a saucer."

"They don't know nuthin about catching frogs," said Willie. "You wait an' see what *we* catch tomorrow night."

He told me how he would do it. He would sneak up behind them and throw rocks into the swamp ahead of the frogs. Then when they jumped in his direction he would catch them in a long strip of weighted lace curtain. Willie sure knew lots of tricks like that. I was glad he was my friend and let me go places with him. There'd be no fun at all without Willie.

When we reached the bridge across the tracks he pulled me up to the road. He was thin but he had a lot of strength. He lifted me clean off the ground with one hand.

"How old is the colt at the Gordon's, Willie?" I asked as

we turned up the road to the farm.

"I dunno. There's two of 'em, Angus said."

"It must hurt them, eh, Willie?"

"For a while, I guess. They get over it."

"What does it do, Willie?"

"Makes 'em big and quiet. They can't work good unless they're cut.".

The dirt road was warm through the rubber soles of my sneakers. It was the kind of summer evening that usually comes before an electrical storm. The sun was lying low behind a grove of hardwood and high in the sky the clouds we called "washboards" were pink in the evening light. Over the low spots in the fields high-climbing swarms of gnats boiled and tumbled in the warm air. The crickets whistled at us from every fencepost as we hurried along the road.

"I feel sorry for the colts," I said. "It don't make me sick no more, though."

"Don't you get sick again or else I won't bring you."

"I ain't gonna be sick no more," I answered. I didn't want to get Willie mad at me.

There didn't seem to be anyone home at the Gordon's when we got there. We could hear the cattle and horses stamping in the stable beneath the barn.

Willie knocked on the kitchen door, but there was no answer.

"I hope they're at home," he said. "I don't want to hafta come over here again next week."

"Maybe they'll be back soon."

"We ain't got much time to wait 'cause it'll soon be dark."

"They'll come in a minute," I said hopefully.

Willie was getting mad, and I could see the big blue veins in his neck beating like the devil. When he was mad there was nothing to do but keep out of his way. One time it took three men to hold him when he was mad.

"I won't come over again next week," he muttered, kicking at the bottom step beneath the door.

"Maybe they'll come home soon, Willie."

"Why didn't they wait! Why'd they go away when they knew I was coming over!"

He was getting madder every minute. It would be dark soon and I didn't want to be alone with him if he got real mad.

"Can't you do it anyways, Willie?" I asked, trying to quiet

him down.

"Oh, why didn't they wait!" he cried. He kicked at the step again, harder this time.

"Let's do it, Willie," I pleaded. "My mother told me not to be late getting home."

He was no longer listening to me. "They could have stayed in!" he cried. "Angus Gordon is a sinner anyways!"

I could see his shoulders working under his blue denim jacket and I was afraid to have to go home with him unless he calmed down. He wouldn't hurt me when he was all right, but his mother told me once to stay away from him when he took a spell.

"I'm going to fix them colts anyways," he said, striding towards the barn.

"That's right, Willie. We might as well," I answered as I tried to keep up with his grown-up strides across the yard.

Willie opened the stable door, and the colts whinnied from the darkness. I groped around on the shelf near the doorpost, trying to find a stable lamp.

"I can't find a lamp, Willie!" I shouted at him, my voice showing me how scared I was. I tried to follow him with my eyes so I'd be ready to run if he turned on me.

"I've got one," he said, and I could see him in the light of a struck match as he struggled with the chimney of a lantern.

When the lamp was lit I looked around the stable. The colts were tied at the end of a short row of stalls. There was also a team of horses and a big Holstein bull.

"Help me out with them," he shouted, and in the light from the lamp he looked crazier than he ever had before. I hesitated near the door.

"Come on, come on, we can't stand here!" he cried. "There is too much sin around here! Angus is a poor sinner an' we gotta help him before he's punished by God!"

"Let's wait until another time, Willie," I pleaded.

"We may be too late. Now is the time!"

"I don't want to," I said, afraid to leave the open doorway.

"You gotta. There's too much sin. Oh, Lord, help the poor sinners!" he cried.

The horses were scared, lifting their feet from the floor, their heads high and their eyes bright in the lantern light.

He brought one of the colts into the yard and we got him down and hitched his feet. Willie was singing a hymn and he walked

around in quick little jerks, doing all the work himself. He worked fast. The colt snorted and stretched his neck when it was done.

"You'll never sin!" Willie cried. "You'll never sin, little horse!"

The sight of Willie moving around the yard with the short knife in his hand, singing his crazy hymns all out of tune, scared me half to death. This was a different Willie than I had known before.

He turned the colt loose and I opened the gate, letting him through. The next colt was harder to manage, but with my help Willie got the rope around his legs.

"Glory!" Willie cried when his singing stopped. "No more sin! There'll be no more sin!" He fitted the words into another crazy tune.

He did the other colt, but it took him much longer this time. While I held the lantern I shivered at the sight of his crazy hands and at the sound of his tuneless mumblings. It was quite dark now outside the pale circle made by the lantern and heavy clouds were blotting out the sky.

When he finished his job I led the colt out through the gate and came back to Willie. "Now we can go, Willie," I said eagerly.

"Hallelujah! I'll not let them sin!" he shouted. "I can stop all the sin in the world!"

"Sure you can, Willie," I agreed. "But let's go home now."

"Not yet. I've got work to do. Glory!"

"Come on, Willie, please!"

"No, not yet."

I stared around me at the darkened buildings, praying that the Gordons would come home soon. Across the fields I could see a light in the kitchen of the Turner house a quarter of a mile away. Though it was far it made me feel a little better to know that I wasn't completely alone.

Willie ran into the stable again, shouting about sin. I followed him as far as the door, and when I looked inside I nearly fainted at the sight. The lantern was standing on a ledge and Willie held the knife in front of him. His body was stooped and he was walking slowly towards the big black and white bull.

"No, Willie!" I cried in terror. "No!"

"The world is full of sin! Oh, Lord, help me to stop the sin of the world! Glory!"

"Please, Willie! I think I hear Mr. Gordon coming!" I lied.

"Angus Gordon is a goddam sinner! We're all sinners! I have

the power to stop all sin! Oh hallelujah!"

He caught the bull by the tail, and it bellowed and swung its haunches against the wall. A cloud of dust rose from the floor and the stable was filled with the noise of the big beast banging against the timbers. The horses were stamping in their stalls. I saw Willie trying to get into position to use his knife and I began to scream.

Then I turned my head so I couldn't see him any longer, but I could hear the bull bellowing and banging around and the snorts of the frightened horses.

Suddenly he came running towards the door, the lantern swinging in his hand. "The Lord be praised!" he cried. "No more sin!"

I ran across the yard as fast as I could and climbed over a fence into a pasture. Hiding behind a post I watched Willie standing there with the lantern lighting his legs.

He began circling the yard. His hymns and the bellows of the bull were so loud that I thought every living thing in the neighborhood must be listening. I watched him heading towards the pig-sty and I shouted to him, but he made no sign that he heard me. There was the click of the latch on the pig-sty door, even above the other noises, and the lantern disappeared inside, lighting up the cracks between the boards.

There were some grunts at first, then startled squeals. The bellows of the bull grew weaker, but the night was filled with the squeals of the hogs and the noise of them butting against the walls of their pens. Now and again there was the sound of Willie's singing, but his songs no longer had any understandable words.

I looked around me in the darkness, hoping I'd see somebody coming across the fields. Willie stayed in the shed a long time, the pigs squealing and grunting, and his crazy tunes rising and falling across the yard.

I wondered what Mr. Gordon would do to us. We'd be arrested! I'd tell them that I didn't have anything to do with it. Anyways I was only a boy. I wouldn't do a thing like this.

The place was a bedlam. Every animal seemed to sense what was happening and they were all trying to break out of their pens and stalls together.

Willie came out of the pig-sty, swinging the lantern around his legs. I wondered what he was going to do next. Then I heard another door opening and there was the sound of hens clucking and the swish of wings against wood.

The hen-house door swung open and he came out again, the lantern held high so that I saw his face. He was completely crazy now, his eyes bugged out from his head and his mouth slobbering as he sang his tuneless songs. He peered around him in the darkness, and the light from the lantern shone on a frantic white hen that was running back and forth against the wall of a building. He ran towards it and his lamp blinded the hen so that it stopped running long enough for him to grab it. He dropped the lantern to the ground and picked the bird up by the neck. Then he stared into the sky and screamed at the top of his voice, at the same time pulling the head from the hen. He threw the wriggling body from him, where it flopped along the ground, and stooping, picked up his lantern once more.

He held the light high and began calling my name. At times he got mixed up and called the names of other people who lived in the neighborhood, crying out that they were all sinners. He began to search for me in the darkness, and I pressed myself down in the grass to hide. When he came closer to me I stood up and backed away from the fence. He saw me then and his face broke out in a horrible grin. "Come on, poor little sinner," he coaxed as he stumbled in my direction.

"No! Go away!" I screamed, hating him now so that I forgot I had ever liked him. He was a complete stranger to me, a crazy loathsome stranger, I'd never seen before.

His look changed from crafty friendliness to horrible rage and he roared a string of filthy curses. His mumbling lips were covered with spit, and he threw himself against the fence, crying and cursing together.

I turned and ran as fast as I could across the uneven ground, trying not to scream and give away my position in the darkness. I don't remember all of my flight but I was so scared that I took a large patch of skin off my back going through a rail fence, and didn't realize it until later. In my imagination Willie was right behind me with his knife.

I don't know how long it took me to get to the Turner place. I was sobbing and panting with fear as I made for the house, slapping at the Turner's dog which was barking at me and trying to grab my legs. Bert Turner let me in the door, and I collapsed on a chair in the kitchen.

"What's the matter, boy?" he asked, staring at me.

"It's Willie — Willie Heaps! He's gone crazy! He — he's cut-

ting all the animals at the Gordon's. He's killed the pigs and chickens too!"

"What did he say?" asked Mrs. Turner, entering the kitchen.

"It's Willie Heaps," Bert answered. "I'd better telephone his father."

After they bolted the door I sat on the chair crying and shivering with fright. Mrs. Turner gave me a cup of coffee but I was too weak and shaky to lift it to my mouth. Bert called my family on the phone, and my father and Edgar the hired man came for me in the car.

A search party was out all night looking for Willie and warning the neighborhood to be on guard against him. Early next morning Mr. Summerville the police chief in Cumberford got a message that Willie had been found in a ditch by a farmer, self-mutilated and nearly dead from loss of blood. An ambulance was sent from Brantford and they took Willie to the hospital there. He died the following night.

My mother made me go to the funeral, but I refused to look at Willie in his coffin. Mr. and Mrs. Heaps were crying and carrying on, and shouting to God to call Willie to his side.

A tall skinny man in a black shiny suit introduced himself to my mother and father as the Reverend Blounsbury, Willie's minister. He had a turned-on smile and a long thin nose that seemed to be running but wasn't.

"And this is Willie's little friend, is it?" he said, putting his hand on my shoulder.

My mother nodded.

"Poor child, to be bereft of a friend so soon in life," he said. "But don't grieve, lad, Willie now sits at the right hand of his Maker. He had been saved, you know."

My mother nodded again.

"And how about you? Have you been converted yet, young man?"

"No!" I cried, shaking his hand from me and edging to the door.

"Why, what's come over that boy!" exclaimed my mother.

I ran out of the house and down the road towards home. I hated them all: Willie, Mr. and Mrs. Heaps, my mother and father, and especially the Reverend Blounsbury. Why couldn't they have left Willie alone, I asked myself. Why couldn't everybody in the whole wide world leave everybody else alone?

E. A. Farebrother

NEIGHBOUR

Our neighbour here used to watch the sun
Laugh through the goblet of his afternoon
For an eternity lightly lived.
In his quiet bones it is as lightly done.

Does he grieve for the cry of the whippoorwill,
For the crackle of snow under a sky flaming
With towers of light ? Does he miss the taste of pain
In the blood-roots of spring, or the chill

Of dawn discovering the land for a new day ?
His testament has left a strange inheritance
Of change, but as the birds flock together
In the fall, our children meet without dismay.

When the bombs curve down the prisoner multiplies
His threadbare warnings to the child till the thunder
Chokes his poverty ; but in the darkness
An eyeless voice unbinds his love with lullabies.

Service and MacInnes

Desmond Pacey

If the last three decades of the nineteenth century were the golden age of Canadian literature, the first two decades of the twentieth were the age of brass. No new writers of real significance appeared, but there were plenty who knew how to appeal to vast audiences. It was an era of best sellers. Ralph Connor, L. M. Montgomery, and Stephen Leacock in prose, and W. H. Drummond, Robert Service, and Marjorie Pickthall in poetry, all established popular reputations throughout the English-speaking world. The survivors of the previous generation, too — Carman and Roberts, Parker and Sarah Duncan — virtually became household names. It appeared that the doubts of the nineties had been groundless, and thtat Canadian literature was on the high road to world fame.

Much the same was true in the social and economic realms. The long depression finally lifted in 1896, Laurier became the Prime Minister and proceeded to become a national symbol whose brilliance compensated for the loss of Sir John A. Macdonald, the West began to expand at an unprecedented rate, gold was discovered in the Yukon, foreign capital flooded into the country and its trade expanded enormously. People began to talk confidently about the twentieth century as "Canada's Century."

There was, then, national excitement. But it was not the kind of excitement by which a great literature is encouraged. It was a vulgar, materialistic excitement. After twenty years of economic near-stagnation, the people were so greedy for material wealth that they no longer had time to think of culture. The phrase "Canada First", if it was used now at all, denoted no longer a concern for spiritual and cultural values, but for economic priority. The only values they recognized were money values; the only writers whom they would read were those who could sell their wares in the hundreds of thousands.

Robert Service, however, and to a lesser extent Tom MacInnes*, felt perfectly at home in the new coarse but vibrant age. They scorned the pipes and flutes of Lampman and Carman, picked up big guitars and thrummed the tunes that the age demanded. The lust for gold? They shared it. Loose women? They could sing of their charms as well as any. Sentimentality? They could pour it out to order.

There is no difficulty in accounting for the phenomenal popularity of the verse of Robert Service (1876—). The refreshing thing about Service is that, unlike Connor and Drummond and so many other members of this generation, he frankly admitted that his aim was merely to entertain his contemporaries and to give them the products for which they were willing to pay. The impression gained from reading Service's autobiography (*Ploughman of the Moon* and *Harper of Heaven*) is of a modest, self-effacing man who was rather surprised by the popularity of his first volume and determined to hit the jackpot again as frequently as possible. His frankness is completely disarming. When a lady in Paris exclaimed "Ah, you are the man who makes poetry pay!", he replied, "No, I merely make rhyming remunerative." He is a poseur—and is the first to admit it: "There I was—always playing parts. Would I ever be just myself? Once I played my very self in cinema drama and the Studio people were dissatisfied. They told me: 'You are not the type'." He was flattered, not insulted, when the Irish writer James Stephen told him that his Yukon ballads were "very good newspaper verse." "I regarded myself," he writes, "as a cross between Kipling and G. R. Sims. I was inclined to agree with the dispraise of the mandarins of letters".

Service was a typical member of his generation. Success to him, as to most of his contemporaries, meant financial success. "I need not have worried about my book (*Rhymes of a Red Cross Man, 1916*)", he writes. "My publisher wrote predicting its success. And it was—beyond my dreams. The American publishers were enthusiastic. I seemed to have hit the market and for nine months I headed the list of best sellers in *The Bookman*." He had the journalist's eye for 'copy': "As I had grabbed my stuff from the Yukon now I would make the War my meat." No pretences about Art, Inspiration, and like for Service: "In orderly sequence I took each of my themes

*Tom MacInnes has died since this article was written. His death occurred on Friday 12, 1951.

and converted them into a finished set of verses. It was just a job like any other. On an average I wrote three poems a week and in five months I had over sixty."

No one wants to play the mandarin, and in this case it is clearly not necessary. No one, not even Service himself, is in danger of mistaking his verse for poetry or his thrillers for great novels. Nor is it necessary to labour the obvious facts that Service was indebted to the early Kipling for his emphatic rhythms, his slangy diction, his mixture of rapid action and sentimental moralizing, that he never equalled the successes achieved in *Songs of a Sourdough* (1907), and that the great bulk of his work is negligible by any standards. It would be more to the point to rehearse some of the ironies of his strange career: that this quiet, nervous little bank clerk became the spokesman of the rugged gold-miners who hit 'the trail of '98'; that he had difficulty finding a publisher for *Songs of a Sourdough* and that it was brought out by the publishing house of the Methodist Church in Canada; and that early Canadian reviewers hailed him for introducing a new era of *realism* to our poetry.

Service harboured no such illusions. "I write", he said in an interview in 1915, "of the things of today for the people of today." He gave them what they wanted: melodrama, coarse brutality, crude sentiment, vigorous excitement, *thrills*. In doing so he produced, in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and "The Cremation of Sam McGee", two ballads that are apt to be remembered and enjoyed long after many more pretentious poems have been forgotten. But Service is his own best critic — and his own best apologist. Writing of his novels, but in words which are applicable to all his work, he said:

> These books are dead, yet they did what I intended. They kept people awake at night. But they were synthetic — plots, not stories. I was really ashamed of them, and when people praised them I winced. Reviewers were tolerant and frequently used the word 'vivid'. Yes, they were so vivid they were almost convincing. They were all action, excitement, never to be taken seriously. I think they were competently written, colourful, dramatic. Perhaps for their entertainment power I may be pardoned them. One must be natural, write as one feels. I cannot be dignified. I must try to please people, and my friends are the humble folk of the earth.

Tom MacInnes (1867—) is a poet (or rhymaster) similar to Service in his emphatic rhythms, his slangy diction, and his bo-

hemian pose, but he is a more complex figure. He has an interest in and knowledge of prosody which far exceeds that of Service, and some of his poems seem to call for a serious critical discussion which Service's rough ballads do not warrant. There is also a marked difference in the lives of the two men. Whereas Service always lived on the fringe of the events of his period — he was a bank clerk in the Yukon rather than a miner, an ambulance man in the War rather than a soldier — MacInnes was himself at the centre of the active, acquisitive life of his period. He participated in the Yukon gold rush, served on various government commissions, lived in China and promoted the installation of a modern tramway in the ancient city of Canton.

This difference in experience might lead us to expect a greater authenticity in the poetry of MacInnes, but such expectations are not fulfilled. His Yukon ballads, for example, are less vivid and more unreal than those of Service. His active participation did, however, enable him to act as the spokesman of the new, vulgar generation which rebelled against Victorian standards of respectability in the name of a vague and undisciplined bohemianism.

MacInnes has published seven volumes of verse, the first of which, *Lonesome Bar and Other Poems*, appeared in 1909, and the most recent, *In the Old of My Age*, in 1947. In spite of this long time-span, however, MacInnes' style and attitude has remained fundamentally unchanged. His poetry is unfailingly romantic — romantic in its lack of discipline, in its strong feeling, in its rebelliousness. The chief influences upon his work are those of Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Louis Stevenson, Walt Whitman, and the Coleridge of "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan". His general attitude towards life is that of the vagabond: he loves high adventure, exotic women, and strange places. He hates all forms of respectability, smugness, and pedantry. His language is rather coarse, slangy and careless, his rhythms are vigourous and strong, and much of his verse is mere doggerel. One aspect of his romanticism is his interest in strange forms and metres — the ballade, the villanelle, the cantel, the mirelle — some of which he borrowed from France, some of which he devised himself, and all of which he delights to discuss in prose notes and introductions to his poems.

These generalizations are broadly true of all his poetry, but there are subtle differences of tone, style and attitude which deserve notice: In the first place, the worship of mere strength, the arrogant

Imperialism, of his early collections have given way recently to a somewhat vague humanitarianism which opposes the excesses of the capitalist system while rejecting its most obvious alternative of state socialism. Again, his discovery about 1912 of the French villanelle and ballade forms led him to impose on many of the poems in his subsequent volumes a tighter form and greater precision of language than were found in *Lonesome Bar* and *In Amber Lands* (1910). Finally, the rough and tumble optimism of his first two volumes gives way in *Rhymes of a Rounde* (1913) and the later collections to an attitude which often approaches complete despair.

The complete personality which emerges from reading MacInnes's seven volumes is in many ways an attractive one. His hatred of sham and hypocrisy, his unashamed sensuous delight in life, his readiness to experiment and to question received authority — these were attitudes which needed expressing in Canadian poetry. One wishes that from his work several complete poems could be extracted which satisfactorily embody these attitudes. Unfortunately, he is a poet of shreds and patches: here and there is a line, a stanza, which commands our admiration, but it is always incorporated in a poem which as a whole is a failure.

"Lonesome Bar", a narrative poem of the Gold Rush, is sheer doggerel. The plot is melodramatic in the extreme, and there are lines as flat as this:

Then typhoid laid me on my back delirious for weeks.

"The Damozel of Doom" is a strange mixture of Coleridge and Poe, full of phantoms and fantasy. MacInnes's own contribution is in the very un-phantom like love-making:

O long — O last supreme caress !
O ultimate deliciousness !
O slowly sinking, satiate,
Erotic swoon !

This is a characteristic theme of the poems in the early volumes -- the poet wanders off into a fantastic world where he finds a beautiful girl and proceeds to make violent love to her. Once, in reiterating this theme, MacInnes hit on a single, inspired stanza which is the finest thing he ever wrote:

Last night in a land of triangles,
I lay in a cubicle where
A girl in pyjamas and bangles
Slept with her hands in my hair.

Unfortunately, the rest of the poem ("Zalinka") never fulfills the promise of this opening stanza.

It is this humourous note that MacInnes can strike most effectively. The well-known "Tiger of Desire", which ends

My teeth are bared, my claws uncurled,
Of the red meat I never tire ;
In the black jungle of the World
I am the Tiger of Desire !

is only acceptable verse if it is regarded as a slightly grim joke. (I completely fail to detect in it that "graver note" of which Professor E. K. Brown speaks). The best poem in MacInnes's most recent volume, the title poem "In the Old of My Age" strikes again the same grimly humourous note, and captures something of the ripe disillusionment of Yeat's final phase:

In the old of my age Life's basement bargain booth
Has marked me down from dollar tab to dime...

It is a pity that MacInnes has not struck this note more frequently, instead of attempting to be a serious moralist and apostle of "Beauty". After all, he has himself rejected the earnest souls in one of his neatest epigrams:

These moralists are growing overnice :
Surely, my friend, some need there is for spice !
The salt and pepper of impropriety —
I would not call it vice.

Literary analysis, like self-analysis and self-criticism, is undeveloped in Australia...

Writers in Australia, too, are abnormally touchy about criticism of their work, even if a critic's comments contain valuable suggestions or craft hints, which admittedly is seldom the case. Indeed, the critic here is like a doctor who says that the patient has something wrong with him, but who never seems to know or to want to tell what is wrong and never prescribes to make the patient better. Other critics go to extremes by declaring, without a thorough examination, that so-and-so is not only in the best of health, but also the most perfect specimen of a poet. Usually the lines quoted to support such statements show that the patient needs urgent attention and that the physician himself should not be on the register.

— *Max Dunn in the Australian magazine* Southerly.

Music

Chester Duncan

NEW CANADIAN MUSIC

There can be nothing but praise for the idea of *Broadcasting Music Incorporated, Canada.* It is a non-profit performing right and music publishing house formed in 1947 for the purpose of publishing and winning wider attention for the music of Canadian composers. Already this organization promises to provide a cross-section for the kind of music being written in Canada today. It is an undertaking, therefore, which is invaluable to the critic of Canadian art, who must concern himself with both the good (Barbara Pentland, Harry Somers, John Beckwith, and Healey William figure prominently in BMI's lists) and the poor (who are always with us). There are two types of poorness in musical composition: (1) the kind of desiccated, talentless pallor which has been tempted into creation by a mildly efficient technique; and (2) the kind of interesting poorness which has fallen short of goodness only because of a curable incompetence or impatience. Fortunately, the second type is increasingly noticeable in contemporary Canadian composition.

The reviews below concern some of BMI's publications of the past year, in two categories. The printing is uniformly good. The musical results are uniformly interesting, in one way or another.

A. Instrumental

1. Marvin Duchow: *Chant Intime* (for piano) — 1950

It is possible that very late at night, in a candle-lit excitement, the pianistic qualities of this piece might carry it off. Certainly its atmosphere of subtle delicacy (echoes of Scriabin) should not be rubbed and questioned in the concert room. But this atmosphere is only teasing, for the work lacks logic and direction. Frankly, it wanders indeterminately: page 4 could not be accepted even in an improvisation.

2. William France: *Jig* (for piano) — 1950

This cheerful work is really a fugal three-part invention. It has a splendid subject, whose possibilities are never quite realized in its subsequent entries, particularly since the accompanying counterpoint tends to be of a commonplace order. Nevertheless, the whole thing should sound well if played with verve, although its necessary speed puts it into the "very difficult" class.

3. Maurice Dela: *Hommage* (for piano) — 1950

This composition balances precariously on that famous line between sentiment and sentimentality. In its worst moments it reminds one of Rubinstein; in its better, of Rachmaninoff. Its rich harmonies will not last long but are tasty while fresh. In any case they demand a well-tuned piano. The long centre section is less convincing on the whole, being cluttered with figuration of a rather amateurish kind, but it does give pleasure in some strikingly good bars. The whole piece, although written in a nostalgically old-fashioned style, has undoubted incantatory powers, despite its unashamedly tawdry ending.

4. Albertine Caron-Legris: *Poème Pastorale* (for piano) — 1950

Poème Pastorale will find its true place in the tolerance of the Junior Studio Club Recital. There is a melody that no mordents could ever save, and the harmony that might make it respectable is never supplied. Some of the transitions and connectives are technically very mysterious. It must be said that the last three bars are a joy, but one is still glad when all is over.

5. Ernest Dainty: *Prelude in F Minor* (for piano) — 1950

This two-page Prelude has an attractively sombre melody which proceeds effectively for a couple of lines and then comes a cropper when it has to modulate. Here the late Mr. Dainty exhibits a weakness which is pretty general among Canadian composers, to whom it should often be said, "Good ideas are what everybody has. Few have the resources to do something with them." But despite some embarrassingly trite bars, this piece sings a little, although it comes to a bad (or Hollywood) ending with a *tierce de Picardie.*

6. Keith W. Bissell: *Ballad* (for violin and piano) — 1950

Since rhetoric is a thing we no longer trust, some may find portions of this work pretentious in their dark romanticism.

It is almost undeviatingly intense, but violinists love intensity. Undeniably it is excellently written for the medium (although the piano part gesticulates a little wildly), and there is one fine section in the middle which sounds like eloquent Delius.

7. S. Drummond Wolff: *Festival Fanfare* (for organ) — 1950.

This was composed in honor of Healey Willan's 70th birthday. Expansive nobility is the thing that the Canadian composer handles the least well, but this neatly-written piece can survive with dignity its stirring *nobilmente.* The middle section is Dunhillish pale and a little short-winded, but the clever brevity of the rest reminds one pleasurably of George Dyson. One hopes that the good Canadian organist (who will play this work with definition) will use it for exits and entrances at official occasions.

B. *Solo Songs*

1. Maurice Dela: *Spleen* (words by Paul Verlaine) — 1950. (medium voice)

Like the piano work *Hommage* (reviewed above), this song has a kind of sincerity which makes it likeable, however one might deprecate the general technique. If the harmonies seem a little rich, the melody is generally well-placed and smooth. However, since this great poet has been the choice of some very great song-writers, anything which sounds like a ballad must be finally wrong. I am afraid that although *Spleen* sounds occasionally like Fauré (There is one lovely moment at "Je crains toujours ce qu'est d'attendre quelque fuite atroce de vous"), too often the names that come to mind are very early Debussy and Roger Quilter.

2. Pierre Mercure: *Colloque* (words by Paul Valéry) — 1950. (medium voice)

Here, on the other hand, is a song spoiled by variations in style. The words seem quite sensitively appreciated, but the musical manner is unsettled as yet. It listens to every siren voice; or, more serious still, it seems quite becalmed. A kind of appropriate coldness is often the result of close attention to the poem, but in other places the "objectivity" comes out as banality.

3. Walter MacNutt: *Atque Vale* (words by Robert Nathan) — 1950. (medium voice)

This composer's *Two Songs of William Blake* (published by

BMI last year) capture some of the transcendent innocence of the originals and reveal a very attractive facet of Mr. MacNutt himself. That, one hopes, is his true vein. The present song proves that you cannot use the debased, aspiring Elgarian clichés unless you're a genius. A texture full of conventional suspensions makes the whole thing sound paradoxically complacent. A technical error or two would have been almost welcome.

Edgar Allan Poe in Canada

John Sutherland

It appears to me that . . . he has told us what he had to tell us in his own way, that he has escaped from his early masters.

E. K. Brown on Archibald Lampman.

Edgar Allan Poe always said that the climax of his tour of Canada, when he lectured at Cameron Heights, MacInnesville, Carmanopolis, and other centres, came with his visit to Ottawa and Archibald Lampman. Poe was as fond of pranks as a schoolboy, and a freakish incident occured on his arrival at Ottawa station. Professor E. K. Brown, the author of *On Canadian Poetry*, who headed the welcoming delegation (the ailing Lampman was confined to his home), was told that Poe's password would be "nevermore", that he would use the alias, "Israfel", and that, in case of a slip-up, he could always be recognized by his habit of reciting his own poetry while perched on a bust of Pallas. Of course, Poe switched to "rapid Pleiad" and introduced himself as "Alcyone". Brown, who had previously welcomed Keats, Wordsworth, Arnold and Tennyson on Lampman's behalf, and had always penetrated their disguises, failed to recognize the American genius. He was completely mystified when Poe got up on Pallas and began reciting *Alcyone*, a copy of which Lampman had recently sent him with a request for his comment:

In the silent depth of space,
Immeasurably old, immeasurably far,
Glittering with a silver flame
Through eternity,
Rolls a great and burning star,
With a noble name,
    Alcyone !
In the glorious chart of heaven
It is marked the first of seven ;
'Tis a Pleiad . . .

(*Alcyone*)

Apparently still unaware that the stranger was Poe, Brown makes this irrelevant comment on p. 115 of *On Canadian Poetry:* "The blend of rhyming and unrhyming lines, long lines and short lines, in an irregular pattern, is one of Lampman's experiments". It should have been obvious that the opening lines of *Alcyone* were only a veiled transcription of Poe's *Israfel*:

> In heaven a spirit doth dwell
> "Whose heart strings are a lute" ;
> None sing so wildly well
> As the angel Israfel,
> And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
> Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
> Of his voice, all mute...
>
> While, to listen, the red levin,
> (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
> Which were seven)
> Pauses in Heaven.
>
> (*Israfel*)

Just examine the two passages together and keep a general picture of Poe in your mind. The Pleiads in *Alcyone* (the title poem of Lampman's last book) are a direct link with *Israfel*, an unmistakable clue, and the rest of the poem is very easily decoded. The "noble name" echoes the lordly "name" of *The Raven*: Poe was almost obsessed with the word "name", partly because it agreed with his ideas of aristocratic grandeur, and partly because he regarded grandeur, like beauty, as essentially corrupt, and identified "name" with "stigma". "Alcyone" itself, with its mythic associations, is a patent substitute for "Israfel": "Israfel", it is true, is described as a spirit with the gift of song and not as a star; yet in the first stanza of *Israfel*, the stars are said to be "ceasing their hymns", and at the end of *Alcyone* Lampman speaks of "the music of its name" — meaning his star. Nearly every important word in the Lampman passage — "silent", "space", "old", "far", "flame", "burning" and "rolls" — is common in Poe's vocabulary. Brown's incomprehension is, therefore, difficult to understand. So far as its form is concerned, *Alcyone* is obviously based on the extremely varied stanzas of *Israfel*, and the free positioning of the rime, though not the riming pattern, is from the same model.

Or at least this is true of the form of the passage above, the opening lines of the poem. In the next lines the *Israfel* pattern is abandoned in favour of a meter which Poe uses in *Dream-Land* and in other poems:

> It has *travelled* all that time —
> Thought has not a swifter flight —
> Through a *region* where no faintest gust
> Of life comes ever, but *the power of night*
> Dwells stupendous and *sublime,*
> Limitless and void and *lonely,*
> A *region* mute with age, and peopled *only*
> With the dead and ruined dust
> Of worlds that lived eternities ago.
>
> (*Alcyone*)

> By a route obscure and *lonely,*
> Haunted by ill angels *only,*
> Where *an Eidolon, named Night,*
> On a black throne reigns upright,
> I have reached these lands but newly
> From an ultimate dim Thule —
> From a wild weird clime that lieth, *sublime,*
> Out of SPACE — out of TIME . . .
> For the heart whose woes are legion
> 'Tis a peaceful, soothing *region* . . .
> But the *traveller, travelling* through it,
> May not — dare not openly view it . . .
>
> (*Dream-Land*)

My underlinings tell their own story. If anything, the imitative note is more pronounced than in the opening passage.

The result of this change of form is to throw *Alcyone* completely out of joint. Unfortunately, that is not the end of the matter. Just at this point the poem suffers a sea-change, and we hear the voice of the merman, Matthew Arnold:

> Man ! when thou dost think of this,
> And what our earth and its existence is,
> The half-blind toils since life began,
> The little aims, the little span,
> With what passion and what pride,
> And what hunger fierce and wide,
> Thou dost break beyond it all,

Seeking for the spirit unconfined
In the clear abyss of mind
A shelter and a peace majestical.

Insofar as these lines continue the trochaic couplets of Dream-Land, they still contain rhythmic echoes of Poe: insofar as they express a discontent with the "half-blind toils" of material existence, and a yearning to "break beyond it all" into "a peace majestical", they echo the exalted didactic tone of Arnold. Even this is not the end of Lampman's gymnastics: in the last lines of *Alcyone* he takes another whirl on the bars with Israfel !

We will find Poe's influence in much of the later Lampman, especially where he grows preoccupied with death or the supernatural, but there are four other poems in which it is present in a most direct and imitative way: *War, A Vision of Twilight, The Vase of Ibn Mokbil* and *The City of the End of Things* (a poem I will discuss in detail later on). *War* is most reminiscent of *The Haunted Palace* and *The Conqueror Worm* — in the feverish pace of the rhythm, the feminine riming (often drawn from exotic place names), and the rich clusters of consonants:

I can hear the horn of Uri
Roaring in the hills enorm ;
Kindled at its brazen fury,
I can see the clansmen form ;
In the dawn in misty masses,
Pouring from the silent passes
Over Granson or Morgarten
Like the storm.

A Vision of Twilight, a poem rather similar in technique, is thick with verbal echoes of Poe * (I have italicized some of the more obvious):

By a *void* and soundless river
On the outer edge of space,
Where the body comes not ever,
But the absent dream hath place,
Stands a city tall and quiet,

* There are also occasional echoes of Swinburne's *The Garden of Prosperine*. The influence of Swinburne may be traced elsewhere — for example, in *Freedom* in the early book, *Among the Millet:*

Out of the heart of the city begotten
Of the labour of men and their manifold hands
Whose souls, that were sprung from the earth in the morning,
No longer regard or remember her warning, etc.

And its air is sweet and dim ;
Never sound of grief or riot
Makes it mad, or makes it *grim.*

And the tender skies thereover
Neither sun, nor star, behold —
Only dusk it hath for cover, —
But a glamour soft with gold,
Through a mist of dreamier *essence*
Than the dew of twilight, smiles
On strange shafts and domes and *crescents,*
Lifting into *eerie* piles.

In its courts and hallowed places
Dreams of distant worlds arise,
Shadows of transfigured faces,
Glimpses of immortal eyes,
Echoes of serenest pleasure,
Notes of perfect speech that fall,
Through an air of endless leisure,
Marvellously musical . . . *

Wandering by that gray and solemn
Water, with its *ghostly* quays —
Vistas of *vast* arch and column,
Shadowed by unearthly trees —
Biddings of sweet power compel me . . .

The Vase of Ibn Mokbil is also imitative of Poe's rhythms and sometimes of his language:

Full of woe was Ibn Mokbil
To behold
Brothers overtaken
By misfortune — *sitting restless*
In his house forlorn and guestless,
With a larder

* Cf. this stanza with *The Haunted Palace:*

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law . . .
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king . . .

Empty, and a purse forsaken
  Of its gold . . .
To the ears of Ibn Mokbil
  Angels tell
    Tales of how the bringer
Of the old faith still careth
For the foot that strictly fareth.
    As he listens,
Falls *a voice divine, the singer,*
  Israfel.

None of Lampman's early poems is reminiscent of Poe, with the exception of *Easter Eve* in *Among the Millet.* Here, again, the riming has the special Poe twist (e.g., "eerie", "weary", "miserere"), and there are various lines and passages which suggest both *Ulalume* and *The Haunted Palace.* Poe's poetic trademark, "no more" ("nevermore" in The Raven, for the sake of the alliterative "v") also comes into play:

They remember now no more

On the silence fell no more

And the revel rose no more

Swooning, and I knew no more

It is worth noting that the first stanzas of *Easter Eve* are imitative of Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner* — a poem which had an influence on Poe's own work.

The phenomenon I mentioned above — the conjuncture of Arnold and Poe — is present to some degree in all these poems. It is a strange combination, explicable only in terms of Lampman's misconception of poetry and his inherent mistrust of his art. He regarded poetry as an escape into dream, a kind of opiate, but he never ceased to feel that the desire to escape was slightly corrupt. Hence, as in *Alcyone*, he always felt obliged to relate the hazy reaches of the dream to a large moral truth, no matter how incongruous it might seem. What was, in effect, a split between the imagination and reality grew steadily wider. In the early poems Keats and Wordsworth were the two opposing influences: in the main Keats stood for the doves of the dream, Wordsworth for the pillars of reality. The split was underlined by the gradual change to the Arnold-Poe combination (with Tennyson sometimes substituting for Poe). Arnold supplanted Wordsworth as moral mentor, but Arnold could only teach Lamp-

man the need for clinging grimly to the fragments of a dissolving world, or the possible dawn of a new one, without offering any clear purpose or plan of positive action. Although the influence of Keats still lingers on the later poems, Poe (and Tennyson) had largely supplanted Keats, and Poe more than anyone could satisfy that thirst for escape which Lampman felt more and more. The dislocations which occur in some of the early poems, where the Wordsworth influence conflicts with that of Keats, are even more marked in the later poetry, especially where the influences of Poe and Arnold come together. It seems probable that Lampman's illness, which led to his death in 1899, and which may have been latent for several years before it appeared in 1896, accounts for the flagging energy, the loss of sharpness and clarity, and the growing morbidity of his later work, and explains the attraction he felt for Poe.

In discussing Poe's influence above, I used the word "imitative" on several occasions. Before continuing with the last of the Poe poems, *The City of the End of Things*, perhaps I should explain just how I interpret both "imitative" and "individual". In the first place, I assume the obvious fact that an imitative and an individual element may often be found in the same poem or the same poet. Let me illustrate the point with an example from Lampman's early work: the well-known *Heat*, a poem often praised by Lampman's critics and perhaps his nearest approach to a genuinely personal expression. *Heat* is a curious poem — curious in the sense that it manages to suggest the cold emptiness of the north even while it vividly re-creates the summer landscape:

> This wagon on the height above,
> From sky to sky on either hand,
> Is the sole thing that seems to move
> In all the heat-held land.

Knowing Lampman, I don't think we can read that line, "From sky to sky on either hand", with its effect of blind vacancy, and not be reminded of other poems in which he describes the Canadian landscape as a place of terrifying desolation — perhaps of that passage in *The City of the End of Things* where the "bulk that never moves a jot" "Sits looking towards the lightless north". He "leans at rest and drains the heat" — stretching his hands out to the blaze of summer but feeling the "lightless north" like a cold room at his back. To my mind, it is this paradoxical element which makes *Heat* a more intense, and more nearly individual poem, than anything else in

Lampman: the balance between the two contrasting moods — between the self-absorbed content and the intimation of fear — saves him both from the melodramatic effects of his winter landscapes, and — up to a point — from the vagueness of his summer reveries. Yet even here an imitative note obtrudes — especially at the climactic point of the poem, in the lines I have italicized below:

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
  Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
  Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
  Into the pale depth of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
  His thin revolving tune.

The lines are imitative of Keats — though less in the verbal sense of other seasonal poems, with their direct echoes of the *Ode to a Nightingale* and the ode *To Autumn*, than in the faithful duplication of an aspect of the Keatsian sensibility. There are many passages in Keats that have a similar quality — that subside into a sensuous swoon rendered the more delightful by the little prickings of pain and loss. Lampman, of course, does not have the intensity, or the power of phrase, of Keats at his best. His role here is the familiar one of the imitator, who seizes on that aspect of another sensibility which he can best understand, achieving something of the beauty of the original but also revealing where its excesses lie. His lines are not unmoving, nor lacking in descriptive skill, but they are a bit lush and over-sweet, without the health and sanity of the mature Keats.

I assume, then, that an individual and an imitative quality may often go hand in hand, as they do in *Heat*: I also assume that a fully personal style is not important in its own right. It is not the test of a successful poem, but one of the essential ingredients. Some writers achieve a very distinctive note, without any comparable poetic achievement: Poe himself is the perfect example, for in spite of his great influence and his personal fascination, he is no more than a dexterous sleight-of-hand artist. * On the other hand, most

* Poe was more nearly right than his critics. While we should take his modesty with a grain of salt, he wrote in the preface to his collected poems: "In defence of my own taste... it is incumbent upon me to say that I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public, or very creditable to myself".

Canadian poets suffer from a lack of genuine individuality, and from a parasitic dependence on the literatures of other countries. Among the nature poets, it is obvious that the most widely-known—Carman, Roberts and Lampman himself — depend on a periodic saturation in the work of other writers. To read one of them through is like reading an anthology of romantic poetry in English in the nineteenth century — arranged in a loose yet quite suggestive chronological order. It is true that they are not generally guilty of the more obvious imitations of an early poet such as Charles Sangster, but we must not conclude that they have ceased to be imitative and colonial. If we overlook the imitative side of their work, and dress them up with the label "cosmopolitan", we cater to the persistent colonialism of Canadian poetry and Canadian criticism. This mistake was made by the critic, Claude Bissell, in an interesting article, *Literary Taste in Central Canada*, recently published in *The Canadian Historical Review*.

The above remarks apply particularly well to Lampman's *The City of the End of Things*, a poem showing the influence of Poe, highly rated by Canadian critics and anthologists and worthy of detailed discussion. It contains many echoes of *Dream-Land* and *The Haunted Palace*, but, as the title suggests, it is closest to *The City in the Sea.** *The City in the Sea* (the city of death), though often reminiscent of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, and especially of parts of Byron's *The Castle of Chillon*, is unmistakably Poe's own work and fully characteristic of his later period. It is still a poor poem, and it is vulgar in the way that only Poe can be vulgar. Very nearly the reverse is true of *The City of the End of Things*. It is one of Lampman's better poems, and it has considerable power and skill. Occasionally, as in the lines I have italicized below, it strikes an original and thoroughly convincing note:

> And at the city gate a fourth,
> Gigantic and with dreadful eyes,
> Sits looking towards the lightless north,
> Beyond the reach of memories ;
> *Fast rooted to the lurid floor,*
> *A bulk that never moves a jot,*
> In his pale body dwells no more,

* Its phrasing is also frequently reminiscent of James Thomson's *The City of Dreadful Night*, as Professor Collin suggests in his essay in *The White Savannahs*. There is, however, the essential difference that, while Lampman (and Poe) try to induce horror by the power of suggestion, Thomson's method is one of careful delineation.

In mind or soul, — an idiot !

Notice that Lampman speaks here of the "lightless north": the original note derives from the vivid and concrete realization of an image of fear — a remark that might be made of other passages in Lampman and of the work of other Canadian poets. The passage is reminiscent of the lines in *The Cachalot* where Pratt describes the bulk of the kraken rooted to the ocean floor:

> Moveless, he seemed, as a boulder set
> In pitch, and dead within his lair,
> Except for a transfixing stare
> From lidless eyes of burnished jet.

Pratt's lines, however, are superior to Lampman's, more intense and vivid, free both of his lapses of taste (such as the rime of "jot" and "idiot", a touch of Poe's vulgarity) and of the derivativeness of phrases like "dreadful eyes" and "pale body". It is this derivativeness that deprives *The City of the End of Things* of its full impact and gives it the air of a tour-de-force in the Poe manner. Its heavily-rimed tetrameters (*abab*) are obviously a variation of the refrain-like couplet of *The City in the Sea*; it is dark, grim and despairing in the manner of that poem; it borrows scenic effects from *The City in the Sea*, *Dream-Land* and *The Haunted Palace*; and it uses a language constantly reminiscent of these and other poems by Poe. It is distinct chiefly because it describes a city of *industrial* death (shades of Arnold again), because its language is more restrained than Poe's and because here and there it seizes on an image of fear which is free of derivativeness and artificiality.

I have quoted *The City of the End of Things* below and followed it with some notes illustrating its relation to Poe. Since there is no space to quote more than the immediately relevant lines and passages from Poe, the reader who wants to pursue the matter further should consult his works.

THE CITY OF THE END OF THINGS

1. Beside the pounding cataracts
2. Of midnight streams unknown to us
3. 'Tis builded in the leafy tracts
4. And valleys huge of Tartarus.
5. Lurid and lofty and vast it seems;
6. It hath no rounded name that rings,
7. But I have heard it called in dreams

The City of the End of Things.
Its roofs and iron towers have grown
None knoweth how high within the night,
But in its murky streets far down
A flaming terrible and bright
Shakes all the shadows stalking there,
Across the walls, across the floors,
And shifts upon the upper air
From out a thousand furnace doors ;
And all the while an awful sound
Keeps roaring on continually,
And crashes in the ceaseless round
Of a gigantic harmony.
Through its grim depths re-echoing
And all its weary height of walls,
With measured roar and iron ring,
The inhuman music lifts and falls.
Where no thing rests and no man is,
And only fire and night hold sway ;
The beat, the thunder and the hiss
Cease not, and change not, night or day,
And moving at unheard commands,
The abysses and vast fires between,
Flit figures that with clanking hands
Obey a hideous routine ;
They are not flesh, they are not bone,
They see not with the human eye,
And from their iron lips is blown
A dreadful and monotonous cry ;
And whoso of our mortal race
Should find that city unaware,
Lean Death would smite him face to face,
And blanch him with its venomed air :
Or caught by the terrific spell,
Each thread of memory snapt and cut,
His soul would shrivel and shell
Go rattling like an empty nut.
It was not always so, but once,
In days that no man thinks upon,

Fair voices echoed from the stones,
The light above it leaped and shone :
Once there were multitudes of men,
That built that city in their pride,
Until its might was made, and then
They withered age by age and died.
But now of that prodigious race,
Three only in an iron tower,
Set like carved idols face to face,
Remain the masters of its power ;
And at the city gate a fourth,
Gigantic and with dreadful eyes,
Sits looking toward the lightless north,
Beyond the reach of memories ;
Fast rooted to the lurid floor,
A bulk that never moves a jot,
In his pale body dwells no more,
Or mind or soul, — an idiot !
But sometime in the end those three
Shall perish and their hands be still,
And with the master's touch shall flee
Their incommunicable skill.
A stillness absolute as death
Along the slacking wheels shall lie,
And, flagging at a single breath,
The fires shall moulder out and die.
The roar shall vanish at its height,
And over that tremendous town
The silence of eternal night
Shall gather close and settle down.
All its grim grandeur, tower and hall,
Shall be abandoned utterly,
And into rust and dust shall fall
From century to century ;
Nor ever living thing shall grow,
Nor trunk of tree, nor blade of grass ;
No drop shall fall, no wind shall blow,
Nor sound of any foot shall pass :
Alone of its accurséd state,
One thing the hand of Time shall spare,
For the grim Idiot at the gate

88. Is deathless and eternal there.

NOTES

1-2. "the pounding cataracts/Of midnight streams". Cf. "Bottomless streams and boundless floods . . . Seas that restlessly aspire" (*Dream-Land*).

2. "midnight". Cf. "the long nightime of that town" (*The City in the Sea*) and "an Eidolon named Night" (*Dream-Land*).

2. "unknown to us". Cf. "a wild weird clime that lieth sublime/Out of SPACE — out of TIME" (*Dream-Land*) and "Resemble nothing that is ours" (*The City in the Sea*).

3. "tracts". Cf. Poe's use of "clime", "region" and "lands" in *Dream-Land,* and his use of "tract" in the first sentence of *The Fall of the House of Usher,* in which *The Haunted Palace* is quoted.

4. "valley". Poe makes great play with the word "valley" in *The Haunted Palace*: "The greenest of our valleys", "Wanderers in that happy valley", and "Travellers now within that valley".

4. "Tartarus". Cf. Poe's use of exotic-sounding proper names.

5. "Lurid" and "vast" are favorite Poe modifiers. Cf. "But light from out the lurid sea . . . " (*The City in the Sea*) and "Vast forms, that move fantastically . . . " (*The Haunted Palace*).
Poe is addicted to cumulative effects such as Lampman uses in this line. Cf. "Mute, motionless, aghast" (*To One in Paradise*) and "Their lone waters, lone and dead/Their sad waters, sad and chilly" (*Dream-Land*).

6. "rounded name". Cf. Poe's use of the word "name" in *The Raven, Silence, Dream-Land, Zanthe, Tamberlane* and *To Isadore,* and his obsession with certain names, especially the names of women — Ulalume, Lenore, Eulalie and Helen.

5. & 7. "seems-dreams" is perhaps the favorite Poe rime, only less popular with him than "dreams-beams", "dreams-gleams" and "dreams-streams".

8. Cf. Poe's title *The City in the Sea.* The word "thing", used very often by Poe in a supernatural sense, has a suggestion of the supernatural in Lampman's title. Cf. his use of the word in lines 25, 81 and 86.

9. "iron towers". Cf. "towers that tremble not" (*The City in the Sea*).

10-11. Cf. "Far down within the dim West" (*The City in the Sea*).

12-36 incl. Cf. "And travellers now, within that valley,

Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever
And laugh — but smile no more."

(*The Haunted Palace*)

Cf. especially "red-litten" here with Lampman's "flaming terrible and bright"; "vast forms" with his "stalking shadows" and "figures . . . with clanking hands"; "discordant melody" with his "awful sound" and "inhuman music"; and "A hideous throng" with his "figures that . . . obey a hideous routine". Note also line 27 in Lampman — "The beat, the thunder and the hiss" — another example of the composition by compilation so characteristic of Poe.

In writing this passage in *The City of the End of Things* Lampman may also have been influenced by Poe's *The Sleeper*:

"The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully — so carefully —
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,
That, o'er the wall and down the floor,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall !"

Lampman's lines 13-14, "Shakes all the stalking shadows there/ Across the walls, across the floor", may be a reminiscence of the last two lines here.

37-39 incl. Cf. "But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not, dare not openly view it ;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed ;
So wills its King who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid."

(*Dream-Land*)

The King in Poe's passage is also death.

45-50 incl. Cf. "Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head . . .

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,

On its roof did float and flow,
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago,) . . .

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunéd law . . ."
(*The Haunted Palace*)

Cf. also, "But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently —
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free —
Up domes — up spires — up kingly halls —
Up fanes — up Babylon-like walls —
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers —
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Where wreathéd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet and the vine."
(*The City in the Sea*)

These two poems, and *The City of the End of Things*, all involve a contrast between death or madness and a state of paradisal bliss. *The City of the End of Things*, and *The City in the Sea*, develop this contrast in an identical manner: they begin with images of death, then evoke memories of a blissful happiness, and end with a prophecy of utter destruction.

55. "idols". Cf. "In each idol's diamond eye" (*The City in the Sea*).

57-59. Cf. "And from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down."
(*The City in the Sea*)

58. "Gigantic". Poe is very fond of superlatives, and Lampman's poem abounds in this *type* of word: ceaseless, terrific, eternal, prodigious, continually, incommunicable, absolute, tremendous, utterly and deathless.

63. "no more". The phrase is Poe's trademark. It is stressed in several of his poems, and the "more" is usually rimed with "floor" or "door".

72. One would expect this line to read, "The fires shall *smoulder* out and die". The word "moulder" is distinctively Poe.

73-76 incl. Cf. "And when, amid no earthly moans,

Down, down that town shall settle hence . . . "
(*The City in the Sea*)

82-83. Cf. "For no ripples curl, alas !
Along that wilderness of glass —
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea —
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene."
(*The City in the Sea*)

85-88 incl. Cf. "Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence."
(*The City in the Sea*)

(The criticism of Canadian writing most often made by reviewers abroad may be summed up in one word: colonial. This opinion conflicts with that of many Canadian critics, who believe that Canadian writing, at its best, has always escaped from a derivative dependence on English and American writing and attained a level of quality that entitles it to the serious interest of readers anywhere. Who is more nearly right — the Canadian of the foreign critic ? The above analysis of Archibal Lampman is the third in a series of articles, intended to offer an answer to this question by examining the relation of the Canadian writer to his literary influences. Other articles will appear from time to time. — Ed.)

Phyllis Webb

INVOLUTION

Sisyphus heaved hardening the rock in Hades
suffering great worlds of weight till now unknown
to fall back on him time and time again
the rock strutting to his chest
stoning sharp with granite his stone's sin.

Rock became eye all-seeing knowing
the King come to this death-dealing
through his own gaining.
The eye took its to and fro from the hill's motion
and weeping "Corinth ! Corinth !" rolled in the vision
of Sisyphus chained to his own eye's prison.

Rock became planet revolved to mother
the King come to false labouring
through his unloving.
The planet wheeled to the axis of the hill's propulsion
and naming Sisyphus the Tyrant devotion was doubled
to Corinth revenged by this involution.

Sisyphus thrusts hard the clock of time in Hades
suffering the great
fall proliferating ad infinitum
the sin and the fall and the effort upward ;
the progress of no pilgrim
gaoled to a goal of stone.

BOOKS

CANADA, edited by George W. Brown. University of Toronto Press — Saunders, Toronto. pp. xviii, 621. $6.50.

A book by many authors — in this case by twenty-seven authors — cannot escape certain disadvantages. If the chapters are not individually signed, the volume tends to vary in style without warning ; if each author signs his part, the result is a small encyclopaedia, a collection of expert essays. Professor Brown has chosen the latter method, yet he has woven his pieces together into a substantial book that possesses as much unity as this method will allow. Judged by the purpose it set itself, which was to provide for the UNESCO series of studies of member states an "honest, sincere and objective appraisal", it must be considered an undoubted success. Perhaps it is not the fault of the contributors if something of the living Canada we see and feel around us seems lacking.

Certainly the book is well planned, and the individual chapters measure up to the standards we would expect of the well-known authors. It would be invidious to single out individual chapters for special mention, yet for this reviewer Creighton on "The Dominion : Genesis and Integration", and Higgins and Lermer on "Trends and Structure of the Economy", stand out. There is so much ground to be covered, however, that one is sometimes more impressed by the skill with which the mass of detail is compressed than with the spirit and imagination of the whole. First we have fifty pages devoted to the people and the geography of Canada. Then we have its history telescoped into one hundred pages. This is followed by an analysis of the development of the economy (130 pages), a description of the political and constitutional "scene" (100 pages), a survey of the social and cultural institutions (116 pages), and an account of the growth of our external relations (80 pages). There is a useful bibliography, and some excellent photos add a bright touch. Apart from the fact that while Culture, Education and Religion rate one chapter each, Law does not appear at all, there are no obvious omissions in the general topics covered. Anyone who seriously sets himself to read this book through will know a great deal about the country.

This is very good as far as it goes, and maybe it could go no further. Yet like all experts, if not all Canadians, the authors write with extreme caution and care. Debatable questions are toned down and smoothed over. Granted that the limits of space, and the demand for objectivity, preclude more lively discussions, nevertheless the issues that sharpen our contemporary national life might perhaps have breathed a little more spirit into the writing. While Canada did not have to make the dramatic choices that faced England after 1945, and did not have to adapt her thinking to world affairs to the degree forced upon the United States, she did live in the same world. She has the pushes and pulls of conflicting forces and ideologies — individual enterprise and economic planning, competition and monopoly, private charity and the welfare state, nationalism in art and cosmopolitan influences, Commonwealth ties and American facts, national unity and provincial autonomy. The picture given in this book seems too neat and tidy in the face of these contestants. The word monopoly, for example, does not occur in the index, nor is there any mention of the Price Spreads Report, a document more penetrating in its analysis than the Sirois Report. Professor Lower, on the other hand, seems quite carried away when he writes "How far paganism has gone, no one can tell. The divorce rate mounts steadily. Sex crimes, the immoderate and often illegal consumption of alcohol, 'wild' parties, and other excesses, all continue to increase". Can this be Canada ? It sounds interesting. Had there been a final chapter frankly viewing the whole contemporary scene and examining controversial issues, in a style less reminiscent of the Canada Year Book than most of this writing, it would have rounded out a solid achievement. But was there a 28th author available who could "feel" Canada as expertly as these co-authors have described it ? This may be asking too much of the editor.

F. R. SCOTT.

SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT & OTHER ESSAYS, by George Orwell. Saunders, Toronto, 212 pp. $2.50.

This posthumous collection of George Orwell's essays is a sad book to read because it reminds us so keenly of what we have lost. Orwell was not a great writer, but he had one of those fine, secondary talents which can be invaluable when the time is right. The past two decades, an age of ideological tyrannies, might have been made to order for his heretical nature.

Especially now, after his death, Orwell keeps reminding me of D.H. Lawrence. Both men died at about the same age and under similar circumstances. Both men had an anarchic temper, they were stubborn protestants; indeed Orwell was so naturally and essentially an anarchist and heretic that he was hostile towards the official philosophy of anarchism. Both men insisted that "life" is more important than literature, and were suspicious of writers who believed otherwise ; yet neither could resist great literature, they were simply good critics (consider Orwell on Tolstoy and Shakespeare, an essay — reprinted here — which William Empson has referred to as the one recent study of *Lear* of real significance ; and consider Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*, one of his unquestionably great books). In both men many of the qualities, and the limitations, of the English were typified (consider Lawrence eternally brewing tea while praising the un-English primitivism of Sardinia; or Orwell carrying the attitudes of Nineteenth Century British Liberalism into the dark labyrinths of modern authoritarianism). And both men, though they were certainly intellectuals, had a persistent streak of anti-intellectualism in their make-up.

I do not want to carry the comparison too far, but I want to put it on record because Lawrence has been to a large extent ignored since his death, and Orwell might easily suffer the same fate. Heretics are never really popular, though alive they are difficult to deny. Yet if ever we needed writers of this sort, that time is now.

Of all Orwell's work (his range was wide), I admire his literary criticism the most, and as the examples in this book show clearly, it was in this field that his talent was steadily deepening. His reportorial books of the 'thirties *(Homage to Catalonia, The Road to Wigan Pier, Down and Out in Paris and London)* seem to me occasionally too self-conscious, but otherwise they are superb interpretative studies, which are still fresh and alive. These books are represented here by two grim studies of Burma, *Shooting an Elephant* and *A Hanging*, and by a sad appendix to *Down and Out in Paris and London* called *How the Poor Die*. (Perhaps I should add that unlike some critics, I do not regard *Nineteen Eighty-Four* either as a failure or a betrayal of the things Orwell stood for).

As a political writer, Orwell was somewhat uneven. Two of the political essays in this book are among the best of their kind : the brilliant polemic "Second Thoughts on James Burnham", and "Reflections on Gandhi" (hindsight was one of Orwell's strong points). But as his wartime reports in the *Partisan Review* sometimes showed,

Orwell could not always free himself from personal prejudices when he came to assess the political future. Two essays in this book ("Politics and the English Language" and "The Prevention of Literature"), while they are important, and while I agree with most of the ideas expressed in them, have always seemed to me less successful than most of his other work.

Yet if politics sometimes betrayed him (whom did they not ?), Orwell's thinking was remarkably free of the cliches and the self-delusion which bedevil so many writers interested in politics. The title essay in this book is a blistering expose of British Imperialism. Yet at one point in it, Orwell has the wit to remark : "I did not even know that the British Empire is dying, still less did I know that it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to supplant it." This was written early in the 'thirties. How many leftists of that day could see the simple truth contained in the last half of that sentence ? It was for his attempts to be honest, and for his realization of how difficult a task that is, that we should especially remember George Orwell.

ROBERT L. WEAVER

POETS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE — An anthology in five volumes, edited by W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson. The Viking Press (The MacMillan Co. of Canada).

This anthology contains selections of English and American poetry from Langland to Yeats. A quotation from Horace Gregory on the jacket labels it "the best comprehensive collection of its kind in existence", and the claim is justified. The selections from the major poets are so large that one loses the sensation of inspecting samples and feels that the complete work is being presented. Extracts from longer poems (*The Faerie Queene*; *Paradise Lost*; *In Memoriam*) are unusually generous, and certain works (*Everyman*; *Anthony and Cleopatra*) are printed in their entirety. It is true that the size of the anthology offered its editors plenty of scope, but the satisfying results are obviously not due to quantity alone.

Each of the five volumes contains a Calendar listing the chief poetic publications of the period beside the chief historical and cultural events, including the appearance of philosophical works and the translation of foreign books. This device reinforces one of the chief impressions made by the anthology: historical perspective combined with a sense of unified development.

Each volume also contains a short introduction by Auden.

There are two main pitfalls for editors and critics who deal with the literature of the past. One is the assumption that the past is simply the present in fancy dress: that feudal barons are merely millionaires in disguise, and that *Greensleeves* and *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* spring from the same source. In arrangement, presentation, and introductory comments, the editors have avoided this error. An obvious example of their attitude is their preservation of the original spelling in the earlier poems.

The second danger is the "academic" approach, which somehow reminds the reader that all the poets presented to his attention have been dead for a long time, and occasionally makes him wonder whether they were ever alive. The introductions avoid this danger too, being scholarly but not in the least academic; but it is harder to account for the effect of the selections themselves. Poems which have been labelled "dull" for generations suddenly spring to life; hidden meanings suddenly emerge. Admittedly it sounds rather fantastic, and no satisfactory explanation occurs to me.

The introductory essays are always interesting and sometimes brilliant. They deserve attention not only in themselves, but also because they express in a more direct and concrete form the principles and tastes implicit in the selections. The principles are inclusive; the choice is objective; but there is sufficient bias to add interest to the collection. In other words, while the literary tastes of any given generation involve a certain amount of undesirable prejudice, it would be a mistake to ask for complete impartiality. The truth about poetic values (like other truths) tends to become invisible when it loses its contemporary form completely. The best one can hope for is a recognition that other forms are possible and valid.

Auden says, in his introduction to the first volume: "There has been no time since its own when the literature of the Middle Ages could appeal to readers as greatly as it can today, when the dualism inaugurated by Luther, Machiavelli, and Descartes has brought us to the end of our tether." The attitude implied by this remark is familiar, and in spite of the editors' objectivity, its results are noticeable. For example, in the introduction to Volume IV (Blake to Poe) Auden uses the words "consciousness" and "self-consciousness" as though they were synonymous. He quotes Blake and Shelley side by side, with complete justification as far as the quotations themselves are concerned, but without suggesting that there were any major differences between Blake and Shelley. Perhaps certain

aspects of Romanticism are being overlooked in our rebellion against its more unpleasant results.

The anthology as a whole creates an impression of tremendous richness and power. It shows an unbroken tradition, gradually growing and changing, but never losing its unity. The reader becomes aware of the poetic impulse as a single force underlying all the work presented, and vitally connected with every aspect of human life: the creation of this awareness is a major achievement.

Audrey Aikman.

THREE EXEMPLARY NOVELS (Cervantes) translated by Samuel Putnam, Macmillan, pp 232, $7.00.

Aside from being a beautiful example of present day typography and book-making skill, this excellent volume offers unusual interest to the student and casual reader alike. For the former there are three of the lesser known works of the creator of Don Quixote extensively annotated for study purposes. For the latter there are three charming stories, rich in the insight and satire for which their author is justly remembered.

The three stories bear the titles "Rinconete and Cortadillo", "Man of Glass" and "The Colloquy of the Dogs". The first is a tale of the thieves' community in early 17th century Seville which contains the germ of "Don Quixote" insofar as it is based on the humorous incongruity of the world as it is and the world as it ought to be. The second is also on the "Don Quixote" theme and shows again Cervantes interest in the kind of madness that is not altogether distinguishable from idealism. The third has been described as "one of the most precious documents that we possess for becoming acquainted in detail with Spanish culture and customs of the age in which Cervantes lived". It is a portrait of manners seen through the eyes of two dogs.

Concerning Cervantes, it is only necessary to quote an appraisal from the translator's introduction: "As a prose writer, Cervantes is the best that the Golden Age has to show... His native style is admirably terse, vigorous and direct, and reminds one somewhat of Swift's. He has his faults, to be sure... but on the whole he is true to the apothegm that he uses twice in "Don Quixote" — "All affectation is bad".

Of the translator it is enough to say that his "Don Quixote" was a masterpiece and that this is a worthy successor. The publisher

has done his memory proud with this handsome edition.

R.G.S.

THE INDEX OF AMERICAN DESIGN, Erwin O. Christensen, Macmillan, pp 229, $17.25.

It is not often that an authoritative source of information is also a beauty to behold, but in this case that rare trick is turned with consummate finesse. The result is a book of outstanding merit, both as a source of information about the history and development of American design, and as an example of sheer elegance and excellence of printing and book-making.

In point of fact, the Index is a continuing project of the U.S. Government, begun under the auspices of the W.P.A. in 1935. Its purpose was the establishment of a permanent record, by means of pictures painted by a variety of American artists, of the articles of daily use and adornment made in the United States from early colonial times to the close of the nineteenth century. As it stands, it is the largest and most nearly comprehensive collection of its kind in the world.

A truly excellent piece of work, and a joy to look through.

R.G.S.

EXCHANGES (English)

This exaggerated concern with himself and his personal problems may perhaps explain why, in spite of great sensibility, Mr. Spender's poetic moments rarely, if ever, turn into poems. They are like the incoherent heart-rending words of a patient on his first visit to a psychoanalyst. A finished work of art never results from these confessionals, and their unbridled emotions and undisguised attitudes are matter for disgust rather than admiration.

— *Nine.*

In an age when meanness, envy and spite have become the mainspring of politics, public morals and (alas!) criticism, it would be as wise to examine rather carefully, after twenty years or so of complacent neglect, the poetry of one whom the mean, the envious and the spiteful have thought it necessary to defame with more than usual energy. These unpleasant habits are not to be condoned because they are the result of a consuming fear, for although men are by nature fearful and the fearful are to be pitied, cowardice is vile and its actions are viler. Cowards hate nobody more than the man who controls his natural fear with dignity, and lives as a result

courageously. It is well-known that Roy Campbell is a Roman Catholic but he is not one of those who lash themselves in masochistic orgasms in the depths of Hell or on the prickly slopes of Purgatory . . .

The striking thing about Roy Campbell's poems is their tremendous force, and the economy of means with which that force is achieved and applied.

— *Nine.*

The revolutionary experiences of the war have impelled many of this generation, who would otherwise have remained inarticulate, to self-expression, and they have expressed themselves most naturally in poetry . . . In the war of 1914-18, there was a similar recrudescence of poetry, which was only short-lived, but it was largely an expression of disenchantment, sometimes of mere petulance. Sassoon is a representative writer of this school: he has never advanced beyond the stimulus of that disillusionment, but can only repeat the fading patterns of his bitter surprise. The generation that entered this war, however, had few illusions to lose, and those few it did not keep for long. Today, the general pessimism does not produce only the limited cynicism of the betrayed idealist, but a deeper despair, a more courageous exploration of the fundamental wrong. Denying the myth of inevitable progress, the young writer sees with a hard realism the dangers of the future.

— *Writers of Tomorrow.*

THE NORTHERN REVIEW AWARDS, 1950-51

It is the policy of Northern Review to emphasize the increasingly native character of Canadian literature, while recognizing the close ties between Canadian and non-Canadian writers and the need for an exchange of ideas and techniques. With these aims in mind, we are announcing four prizes for creative writing of seventy-five dollars each, to be awarded on the basis of work published in the magazine during the year of publication beginning October, 1950. They consist of the following:

(1) Two prizes for verse and fiction available to Canadian writers only — that is, to writers born or domiciled in Canada.

(2) Two prizes for verse and fiction available to English-speaking writers in any country, including Canada.

The same writer of non-Canadian origin is eligible for both awards in (2). The same Canadian writer is eligible for all four awards. A poem or group of poems submitted by a Canadian writer may receive both awards for verse, and a work of fiction submitted by him may receive both awards for fiction.

The prizes have been made possible by the Northern Review Guarantors' Fund and by the generous donations of persons interested in encouraging the development of creative writing in Canada

The judges for the poetry awards will be Dr. A. J. M. Smith, the editor of *The Book of Canadian Poetry*, Mr. Alan Crawley, the editor of *Contemporary Verse*, and Prof. L. A. MacKay, Canadian writer now professor of classics at the University of California. The judges for the fiction awards will be Mr. Hugh MacLennan, well-known Canadian novelist, Mr. Robert Weaver, director of the CBC programme, *Canadian Short Stories*, and Prof. Douglass Clarke of the faculty of Sir George Williams College, Montreal.

These conditions apply to all awards:

(a) The awards for poetry will be made to the authors of poems accepted by the editors and published in one of the six issues of Northern Review beginning with the issue for October-November, 1950, and ending with the issue for August-September, 1951.

The awards for fiction will be made to the authors of the best short stories or selections from a longer work of fiction accepted by the editors and published in the magazine during the same period.

(b) There are no special restrictions on the theme, form or length of the material submitted.

(c) Manuscripts previously published anywhere or in any form will not be considered.

Manuscripts may be accepted for publication at any time between now and July 15, 1951, the deadline for contributions to the issue of Northern Review for August-September, 1951. They should be addressed to The Editor, Northern Review, 2175 Van Horne Ave., Montreal, Canada, and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with Canadian postage or international postal coupons.

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Contributors to this Issue

CHESTER DUNCAN, our music critic, lectures at the University of Manitoba. He is heard on the CBC programme, *Critically Speaking.*

E. A. FAREBROTHER, a Montreal insurance executive, has contributed verse to several of our issues.

HUGH GARNER of Toronto is widely-known as the author of the novel, *Storm Below.*

DESMOND PACEY is the author of the critical work, *Frederick Philip Grove,* and the editor of *Canadian Short Stories.* He is head of the Dept. of English, University of New Brunswick.

F. R. SCOTT, widely-known for his verse and other writings, teaches law at McGill University.

ROBERT L. WEAVER, who is with the Talks and Affairs Dept. of the CBC, is director of the two programmes, *Critically Speaking* and *Canadian Short Stories.*

PHYLLIS WEBB, a young poet appearing for the first time in *Northern Review,* is employed by MacDonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

FIRST STATEMENT PUBLICATIONS:

Footnote to the Lord's Prayer and Other Poems
by Kay Smith

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